

Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



**JULY
1958**





DRUMS of 80-octane gasoline filled at 776 Engineer Petroleum Dist. Co. canning plant are loaded by Indian Pioneer troops onto C-46 cargo plane in Burma (7 July 1945) for the long trip over the Hump into China to supply army vehicles. U. S. Army photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 12, No. 7

July, 1958

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED at the Post Office at Laurens, Iowa, under act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$3.00 per Year Foreign: \$4.00 per Year
\$5.50 Two Years \$7.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 188

Laurens, Iowa

Letter FROM The Editors . . .

● **Cover photo** is of a young lady at Pandavesware, India, daughter of a native family, who visited the 9th Photo Reconnaissance Squadron and put on an Indian dance. Photo by John R. Shrader.

● **Remember**, this is your last issue of Roundup until the October number. During the two summer months Roundup does not publish, we hope you will continue to send your letters, articles, and especially send us your interesting photos taken in CBI-land. In the meantime, plan to attend the CBI Reunion at Cincinnati next August.

● **Through the** thoughtfulness of many subscribers we are able to learn of the passing of CBI-ers. When you hear of the death of a CBI man or woman, send the information to Roundup for publication.

● **A last word** on the CBI Reunion at Cincinnati. Remember the dates, August 14 to 16. We don't have to appeal to the folks who have attended past Reunions. They'll be there! It's you guys who think "some year" you're gonna attend one. Well, this is as good a year as any and we understand the program is outstanding! Try to make it. You'll have the time of your lives!

● **We regret** that neither of us was able to attend the ceremonies dedicating CBIVA's new headquarters in the Milwaukee War Memorial Center. We are told it was a grand affair and well-attended.

● **If you move** during the summer months, be sure to notify Roundup so you'll be sure to get your copies on time, come fall.

JULY, 1958



Some Saturday Night

● We both agree that life in the stolid, solid, squalid Midwest frequently causes us to recall that land of loveliness, the Vale of Kashmir, as well as such less pleasant places as Chabua, Calcutta, Karachi, Bhamo—oops! that's Burma—Delhi, Lahore, etc. We'd even trade a mild case of Delhi-belly for a day or two in some of the old haunts, including bouncing over the Burma Road or C-47ing the Himalayas. Chungking we wouldn't take, but Shanghai—the Paris of WW II—we'd give a lot to spend a Saturday night there if things were still like they were when the Meyers brothers were running it.

CHARLIE PRENDERGAST
R. A. RANDOLPH,
St. Louis, Mo.



CHINESE woman in typical clothing, with small feet as the result of binding when young. Photo by A. L. Schwartz, M. D.



PLANTING RICE is a job for every member of the family in China; men, women and children join in the task. Photo by A. L. Schwartz, M. D.

Haggling In India

● The art of price haggling in India and the Far East is not dying, despite the article in April issue. In most shops of India the merchants prefer bargaining with the customer to selling at a set price. It's a centuries-old game with them, they enjoy it, so why would they want to change now?

WAYNE A. HOLBACH,
Little Rock, Ark.

Warehouse Depot

● A note to renew my husband's subscription. He thoroughly enjoys each and every copy. He was in India with the 456 Engr. Warehouse Depot under Captain Boyle from March 1943 until May 1945. During this time Captain Boyle passed away. He has been able to locate three of the fellows and would so much like to hear from the others. They were all one swell bunch of fellows and always stuck together. He is a salesman in the Oil and Battery Auto Parts here in Chillicothe and our door is always open to any of his buddies.

Mrs. CLARENCE
DONALD SHEWALTER,
Cor. Bowman &
E. Johnson Rds.
Chillicothe, Ohio

Chinese Pilots

● In reading about the Chinese-American Composite Wing in the May issue, I couldn't help but wonder how many of those Yank-trained pilots were flying against us in Korea.

DONALD A. NICHOLS,
Tucson, Ariz.

Lyle Ferris Dead

● Lyle A. Ferris, who was with a Signal outfit at Myitkyina and Bhamo, died on May 25. He was operated on for gall bladder removal May 13 and his death was result of complications.

GEORGE T. HARWAY,
Louisville, Ky.

Troop Carrier Squadrons

● I was with the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron stationed at Chabua, India, and later with the 315th TCS at Dinjan as radio operator, flying. Am working at present for the Traverse City Police Dept., Traverse City. Ride the three wheeler here.

OLIVER L. JOHNSON,
Traverse City, Mich.

Compliments to Chamales

● I served in the last of '44 and early '45 in Burma with Det. 101 of the OSS. Was at Nazira, India, and Bhamo, and points south until Burma was secured and then sent to China with Det. 202. Went the rest of the war with Chinese guerrillas on the Canton, Hengyang Corridor. My compliments to Tom Chamales for his article in a recent magazine publication (Roundup, March issue). No one but the fellows who were actually there have any conception of the deal we had from the Chinese Nationals. Of course the Brass and the diplomats would deny it. Gen. Stilwell was right all the way thru and was crucified for it. May he rest in peace. Should O'Brien, Diomanes, Beynon, Young, Bruno or Nardiello see this, drop "Doc" a line; also Edwards.

JOSEPH J. MARSH,
Troy, Missouri



ADMINISTRATION building of 112th Station Hospital, Calcutta, India, is shown in this photo by John R. Shrader.



PRESENTATION of a plaque to Dr. I. S. Ravdin (right), former commanding general of the 20th General Hospital, was a feature of a dinner March 21 at Philadelphia sponsored by the Delaware Valley Basha, CBIVA. Making the presentation is Milton Caniff (left), creator of Steve Canyon, who drew the large picture of Dr. Ravdin in the background which was used on the cover of the March issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. Looking on are Mrs. Joseph Stilwell, widow of the famous CBI general, and Haldor Reinholt, Delaware Valley Basha commander. Photo by Gene Brauer.

Chinese Dollar Stable

● . . . I did enjoy the article, "How Are Things In China Today?" in the June issue. Was particularly interested to read that the Communists at least succeeded in stabilizing the Chinese dollar . . . It's worth 40c now. When I was in Kunming it was 1,500 to one!

WILLIAM KISTLER,
Gary, Indiana

Jim Seybt Dies

● It is with a great deal of sadness that I report the passing of one of the CBI staunch supporters. Jim Seybt of Greenville, S. C., passed away May 16, after only one day's illness. This comes as a great shock to all of us who were his close friends and I am sure the news will be received by the other members of our grand organization with a great deal of sorrow. Each of us extend to Mary, his wife, our sincere regrets

and hope she will still be able to attend the conventions with us each year so that we may have the privilege of her company as the years go by.

ROBERT E. NESMITH,
Houston, Texas

Senator Goldwater

● There was an excellent article in the June 7 issue of Saturday Evening Post about Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, who is called "the most aggressive, articulate, colorful and possibly the most conservative conservative in the United States Senate." Goldwater, 49, is a colonel in the Air Force Reserve, a jet pilot, and the only member of Congress with a command-pilot rating. CBI'ers will be interested to know that he served with the Air Transport Command in India during World War II.

JERRY DONAHUE,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Ordnance Depot

● I was with the 3298 Ordnance Depot in Chanyi and later on was with the 3300 Ordnance Shanghai Port Command.

STEVE LABOSH,
Charleroi, Penn.

Naval Group to Meet

● Veterans of the Naval Group in China which had installations around China and India—you may have known them as SACO—are having a reunion in New York in August. This year's event will be at Hotel Warwick on Friday and Saturday, August 1 and 2, and the program includes a terrific brunch on Saturday morning, a three-hour sightseeing boat ride around famous Manhattan, and banquet, dance and entertainment Saturday night. The New York SACO-men have been busy since last August preparing for the event. Anyone interested may contact me for further information.

GUS BRUGGEMANN,
159 Highview Street
Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Anybody From the 958th?

● I look forward to each new issue with as much anxiety as ever, although I never find anything about the 958th Engr. Topo. Co. Do hope there are others from the same outfit who are subscribers to Roundup. We were primarily a target chart and map making outfit. Is it possible we will rate a story in some future issue?

DONALD W. NASS,
Southbridge, Mass.

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer

MEMBER OF

General Stilwell Basha

Record of Invention Forms

FREE UPON REQUEST

Colorado Building
Washington, D.C.

11th Annual CBI Reunion

A colorful Puja Night parade through Fountain Square, a moonlight cruise down the beautiful Ohio, hospitality room visits with old friends and new—these are only a few of the enjoyable experiences that lie ahead for CBI veterans and friends who attend the 1958 national reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

This year's reunion will be at Hotel Sheraton-Gibson in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the dates are August 14 to 16.

A full program of events for this annual family gathering has been arranged by a committee headed by Bill Eynon. The following is a brief review of the schedule:

Wednesday, August 13

12 noon to 6 p.m.—Advance registration.

8 p.m.—Baseball, Milwaukee Braves vs. Cincinnati Redlegs at Crosley Field (on your own).

Thursday, August 14

8:30 a.m. to 7 p.m.—Registration.

9:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.—Tour of Proctor & Gamble plant.

2 p.m. to 4 p.m.—Opening session in Victory Room. Invocation, welcoming address, presentation of colors, national

anthem, address by National Commander, minutes of 10th reunion, finance officer's report, committee appointments.

7:30 to 11:30 p.m.—Johnson Party Boat Moonlight Cruise on the Ohio River, with music and dancing.

12 midnight on—Hospitality housing.

Friday, August 15

8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.—Registration.

9:30 a.m. to 11 a.m.—Second session.

11:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.—Trip to Coney Island Amusement Park. Swimming; a tasty noon luncheon; bus service.

6 p.m.—Dinner on your own.

7 p.m.—Puja Night parade, with everyone in costume.

8 p.m. to 12 midnight—Puja Night dance at Gibson Roof Garden, with music by Buddy Rogers Orchestra.

12 midnight on—Hospitality housing.

Saturday, August 16

8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.—Registration.

9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.—Business session. Election of new CBIVA officers.

12 noon to 12:30 p.m.—Memorial Services at Memorial Building.

12:30 p.m. to 1:30 p.m.—Past Commanders Luncheon, Memorial Building.

1:30 p.m. to 4 p.m.—Sightseeing in Cincinnati.

4:30 p.m. to 6 p.m.—Movies.

6:30 p.m. to 1 a.m.—Commanders Banquet and Dance, Roof Garden, with music by Buddy Keyes Orchestra.

12 midnight on—Hospitality housing.

As announced in last month's Roundup, registration fee for the 1958 reunion will be \$17 and include corkage fees for both Roof Garden celebrations. Reunionists are invited to bring along their own liquors, with beer and setups to be dispensed by the hotel.

The Cincinnati reunion will mark the 10th anniversary of CBIVA, and all indications are that it will be one of the best. Send your reservation today to the Sheraton-Gibson and plan to spend the family vacation in Cincinnati.



FOUNTAIN SQUARE, in the heart of Cincinnati, will be the scene of the colorful Puja Night festivities during the 11th annual CBI reunion.

Coney Island Offers Entertainment for All

BY RICHARD H. POPPE

Coney Island inaugurates 72nd season—visitors attending the 1958 "Family Reunion" in Cincinnati will be amazed by the wonderful new attractions that are in store for them when they arrive.

Just this year Coney Island has spent over \$350,000 on new rides, and improvements, all construction work has been completed and all rides are in full operation.

Reunionists will be thrilled by such rides as the Wild Mouse, sensational European thrill ride; the new \$100,000 Turn-Pike; the new Junior Turn-Pike in the land of Oz, and all of Coney's popular thrill rides of former years, the Scrambler, Shooting Star, Wild Cat, Dodgem, Merry-Go-Round, Flying Scooters, Ferris Wheels, Lost River, and eight pint-size rides for the small fry, in the land of Oz.

Swim suits are a "must" if you plan to enjoy the cool clear water of Coney's

Sunlite pool, and to romp on the up-to-date game lawn, with games for young and old alike, this pool is one of the finest in the world, and reunionists are urged to take time out to enjoy this wonderful event.

Reunionists will certainly enjoy the plans we have made for our Ohio River excursion aboard the Johnson party boat; there will be music and dancing, along with your favorite refreshments and snacks.

Another special event will be the tour of the world famous Proctor & Gamble plant, where you will be amazed by the making of the finest soaps and detergents, plus other fine products that are manufactured here. This will be a far cry from the days of Grandma's lye soap; this will be one event that you won't want to miss.

For early arrivals there will be baseball games, stock car racing, refreshments in the Queen City hospitality room, night clubs, and other interesting entertainment.

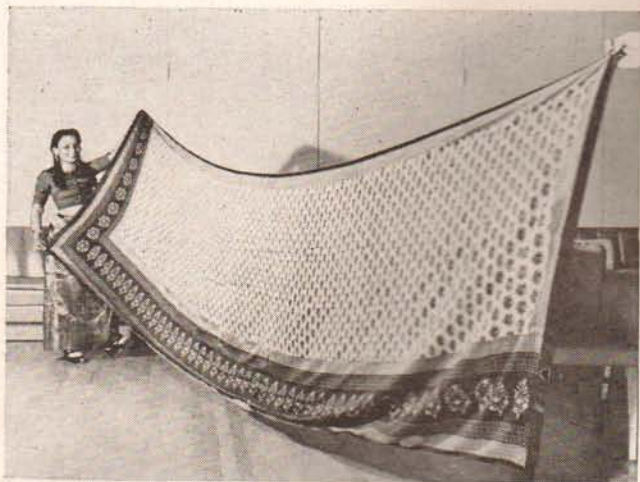
COME ONE COME ALL, AND HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE WITH YOUR FELLOW BUDDIES . . .



CONVENTION PLANNERS—Members of the CBIVA executive committee met April 30, at Cincinnati, Ohio, to discuss plans for the 1958 national reunion which opens in the Queen City on Aug. 13. Seated from left are R. W. Adams, Jefferson, Wis., junior vice commander; Fr. Edward R. Glavin, Albany, N. Y., chaplain; William Eynon, Cincinnati, reunion chairman; John Dawson, Detroit, Mich., national commander; Robert Nesmith, Houston, Texas, past commander. Standing, from left, Lester Dencker, Milwaukee, Wis., past commander; Dante Barcella, Chicago, Ill., public relations officer; Manly Keith, Houston, Texas, junior vice commander; Leo Meranda, Milwaukee, Wis., judge advocate; Harold Kretchmar, St. Louis, Mo., junior vice commander; Eugene L. Horton, Forrest City, Ark., provost marshal; Tom Staed, St. Louis, Mo., service officer; and Wayne Keller, Walbridge, Ohio, senior vice commander. Gene Brauer, Milwaukee, adjutant, snapped the picture.

How to Wrap a Sari

*There are 20 different ways
to wear this graceful Hindu garment*



THE SARI can be as much as 12 yards long. It is silk and is very colorful. Miss Soma Vira shows how it looks completely unfolded



TAKE ONE END of the sari and tuck it in the petticoat just below the right arm. Carry it around and tuck it again at the same place.

Based on an article in The Denver Post, Photos by Orin A. Sealy. Used by special permission.

BY SOMA VIRA

NOW YOUR WIFE can wear a sari to the CBI Reunion "Puja," or for any special party occasion. Like anything else, wrapping a sari is simple, when you know how.

It can be worn in 20 different ways, but here is one:

Take one end of your sari. Tuck it in the petticoat just below your right arm. Carry it around your waist and tuck again at the same place you tucked before. Tuck all around your waist.

Now take the other end. Gather it in your hand. Carry it behind your back, bring forward, and let it fall back over your left shoulder. Be sure the length is up to your knee. Catch the upper border, and tuck it below your left hand. Gather the remaining loop of cloth into small pleats, and tuck them in. Be sure the pleats are facing toward left. There you are!

The length of sari depends upon the height of the wearer. A girl five feet tall can wear a 15-foot sari, but if she is more than five she will have to buy an 18-foot or 20-foot length. Any length of cloth which is five or six feet wide and 18-feet long can be used for a sari. Any kind of blouse can be worn. It can be sleeveless, with full sleeves or half sleeves. The

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color of the blouse can be matched with the border of the sari or contrasted with the main length.

The part of the sari that falls over the shoulder is called **pallu** or **aanchal**, and the two borders lining the extreme ends of the whole width are known as **kinari**.

The price of a sari ranges from \$1 to \$200, and the fashions keep changing with the change in seasons. Each part of India specializes in a particular brand of sari. Most famous are the **Shantipuri** from Bengal, **Chenderi** from Dacca, **Benarasi** from Uttar Pradesh, **Kashmiri** from Kashmir, **Jaipuri** from Rajasthan, and **Mysore** and **Aurangabad** from South India.

The sari is both comfortable to wear and colorful to see. Try yours on at the CBI Reunion at Cincinnati.

THE END

While the sari and blouse are the national costume of Indian women, there is no "national" dress for men. The turban is worn by many, but not all. Men usually wear a "dhoti," which is a sheet-like garment wrapped around the waist. They also wear a "kurta" or coat, which is a loose-fitting shirt with rather wide, loose sleeves. Some wear "longis," similar to a pillowcase, with both ends open, which they wrap around their waist. Sikhs and Muslims often wear a type of pajama, which again is a loose-fitting garment.—Eds.



TUCK THE SARI in all around your waist. Then you take the other end, gather it in your hand, and carry it, too, around the back.



PUT IT BACK over left shoulder. Catch upper border and tuck it below the left hand. Make small pleats of the rest and tuck it in.

Don't Miss Puja Night in Cincinnati!

This is a popular feature of the CBI Reunion each year

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT CINCINNATI IN AUGUST

The Accidental Traitor

*Courtesy True, The Men's Magazine.
Copyright 1958, Fawcett Publications, Inc.*

By J. H. DENNY with GEORGE SCULLIN

(Second of Two Installments)

He fixed his gaze on the ceiling as though chanting a prayer. "Thanks to this," he said, "the glorious flag of the Free Indian government soon will be flown by our noble leader, Subhas Chandra Bose, over the Red Fort at Delhi, and beside it will be the Rising Sun of Nippon. You, Maurice Derocque, have helped build the Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere, and your work will not be forgotten."

Had not everyone been watching "The Chief," as he was called, my white face and shaking limbs would have betrayed me on the spot. But the idol held the stage.

The Chief had placed it on the top of what looked like a smooth electric grill, and then snapped a switch. From the grill came a humming sound, and then—inside the Buddha—there was a sharp click. With a smile of satisfaction the Chief held the idol to the plate while he twisted its head with a pair of padded pliers.

I might never have learned the Buddha's inner secret if the Chief hadn't forgotten himself when the head came off. He held the head up triumphantly, and snapped off the switch. Instantly a steel rod followed by a slender coiled spring shot from the base of the statue. A Jap major recovered the pieces at once, but I had seen enough. The electric plate was really a powerful magnet. The steel rod, machined to perfect tolerance, had extended from a hole bored in the body to a matching hole bored in the head, and had been held tightly in place by the coiled spring. The only way that steel plunger could be drawn downward to unlock the head was by magnetic force. The line of demarcation between head and body had been artfully concealed in the fat wrinkles of Buddha's neck.

From a chamber in the idol no larger in diameter than a pencil, the Chief withdrew a two-inch cylinder of paper. The paper was so fine that when it was unrolled it made a strip nearly three feet long. Every inch of it was covered with fine writing and neatly drawn diagrams. As far as I could see, that strip could contain enough maps and information to betray every British force in India.

What was the secret of the innocent-looking brass Buddha? Why was it the key to the Japs' Burma campaign? The young jungle fighter risked a charge of treason to find out.

If any man had ever betrayed his country, I had.

I had only one wild thought, but it was a steady one. The information had already been delivered. To be caught as an impostor now could do the British no good, and would lead to my immediate execution. But if I could carry on, and somehow get word back to the British of what the information was all about—well, long chance though it was, it was worth trying.

The idol had gotten me into trouble up to now, but it suddenly began to work in my favor. Its safe delivery was in itself proof that I was indeed Maurice Derocque, and I was not only accepted without further grilling, but I became a hero. As my reward I was given the rank of captain in the Indian National Army, appropriately uniformed (this wearing of an enemy uniform irked the British staff officers no end while they were debating my fate, but none of them was able to suggest a means of wearing a British uniform in the Jap army), and handsomely housed in the villa.

My room in the villa was shared by Captain Bannerjee, who bragged at great length of the important matters that crossed his desk. And as my strength returned with plenty of rest and good food, I saw no reason to discourage him.

I learned that my idol had brought in information concerning the disposition of British troops all along the Manipur Road from Imphal to Chabua, and the disposition of American troops at the air bases in Assam. Bannerjee revealed that a large task force was being organized to leave at once to attack a weak spot revealed by my information. According to Bannerjee, the Manipur Road and the parallel Bengal-Assam Railway were practically undefended for a stretch north of Dimapur, and a force made up of 350 Japs and 150 Indians would occupy both sides of the valley, shutting off all rail and highway supplies destined for the American air bases—and ultimately, China.

Then he stunned me with, "And because you know Dimapur, you will go along to guide our troops to their moment of victory!"

All I knew of Dimapur was that it was where I had picked up the wretched brass idol. But the more I thought it over, the better I liked the opportunity. The farther north I went with the Jap raiders, the closer it would take me to the British. As a trusted guide, I ought to be able to figure out something to gum up the works.

Three days later, by truck, train and river steamer, I was on my way back to India, attached to the I.N.A., but with no official duties until my services as a guide were required in setting up and leading the attack.

At Kalewa, an important town at the confluence of the Chindwin and Myittha Rivers, I was presented with a remarkable opportunity for sabotage. I seized it eagerly. It was the first week in March, the rains had long ago ceased, and six huge warehouses made of bamboo were tinder dry. They were guarded, of course, but I managed to be around when not a soul was in sight. One snap of a cigarette lighter, and I had made a clean sweep.

The conflagration had far-reaching consequences. Not only were the warehouses packed with everything from ammunition to rice for the main forces in India, but they held all the rations destined for our 500-man army. When I heard that, I thought I had put a damper on the whole raid, but I was underestimating Jap fanaticism. Three days later the still smoldering heaps of rice were given a final wetting down, and we were on our way. We had enough unsmoked food to last a week, and after that we would live on the blackened, acrid paste that we scraped out of the ruins.

Our first day out was by truck, 100 miles in 10 hours, and it brought us to Tamu, a village astride the India-Burma border only 50 miles southeast of Imphal. The next day, we took to the jungle trails that would bring us out north of Dimapur. From now on we would be on foot, with mules to carry the dismantled mortars, machine guns, and heavy supplies. I sat in on the conference that decided upon the route, and the next 10 days looked grim. I did not see where we had the food to make it.

At this point I learned just how valuable I was. Major Tagachaki, in command of the raid, turned to me and said, "Captain Derocque, in Naojan is the garage of Suleiman Ismail & Sons, which you know. What you may not know is that he is an agent of the Indian National Army. His warehouse of rice and his trucks and buses are at our disposal."

I was tense, but I managed to assert that I had suspected as much.

"We will hold our forces eight miles outside Naojan. We will provide you with the uniform of an English lieutenant, and you will take with you a detail of our loyal Indians dressed in British uniforms. The necessary papers will be arranged. You will proceed to the garage of our friends, get the trucks, load them with rice, and return. You get your revenge, we get our supplies, and it cannot fail!" He nearly shouted "Banzai" at his own cleverness.

"Quite so," I said. "I'm your man."

We started out, and within the hour it became clear that the ruthless Wingate was a sentimental, almost maudlin humanitarian compared to Major Tagachaki and his staff. The Japs right down to the lowest man were imbued with a fanatical desire to die for the emperor, and such minor irritations as dysentery, malaria and exhaustion were merely welcome tests of their loyalty, a prelude to the greater glory to be found in death.

The Indian troops wanted to live to enjoy some of that co-prosperity. Out of what the Japs considered an unreasonable difference of opinion began to grow incidents.

The Japs were setting a furious pace. Fifty miles in two days. Fifty miles of panting in man-killing heat over one mountain after another. The Indian officers were in a state of collapse, and completely disenchanted with their Jap brothers. Their trouble was that physically they were frail, weak clerks in uniform compared to the stocky, well-trained professional Jap soldiers, and they were quite incapable of keeping up the furious pace.

On the third day the Japs restored some of the Indian morale by shooting a straggler. On the fourth day rebellion flared in a platoon of Rangoon Indians. Taking his cue from the Japs, Col. Mohindar Singh, the I.N.A. commanding officer, shot a Sikh non-commissioned officer who had come to the defense of his men. On the evening of the fifth day, a roll call of sorts revealed 20 Indians missing, including a major. At midnight the major crawled into camp. The men had not deserted, he insisted. They were dying back beside the trail.

After that everything became unreal. The Indians were in a shocking state, only a few of the big Sikh non-commissioned officers still standing up well to the strain. A distribution of the last of the rations would not have fed 500 pigeons, let alone 500 famished men. There was no energy left at night for making camp. Men slept where they fell, and the dysentery cases were as helpless as babies without diapers. Each morning

the bivouac area was like a cesspool, the clouds of flies making the stench visible.

I cannot say I was riding high, a sterling example of British fortitude. I was a wreck, but like the Japs who had their fanaticism to support them, I had my own incentive. I had to survive to make my escape and warn the English troops of this approaching force.

And I had found an ally. Not an Indian officer, but a Sikh named Gurbaksh Singh. Jemadar Gurbaksh Singh, who had won his non-commissioned rank with the British in India. In Rangoon he had been converted to co-prosperity, but his eyes had been opened on the trail, and now he was a bitter man. He knew a dozen men who wanted to rejoin the British, and as the days of torture passed, the number grew and grew.

"But what are your plans, Sahib?" he asked. "How much longer must we endure these insults, these face-slappings, these shootings?" That was Jemadar Singh. The insults and face-slappings were a bigger affront to his dignity than death. When I discovered that, I knew I could trust him.

I had no plans. "First the opportunity, and then the plan to fit it," I said. "We can only wait. There are Nagas in these hills, and if we take off alone in Jap uniforms—zut—no head."

On March 22nd we reached a promontory overlooking the highway and the railroad less than two miles away. We had not been observed by a soul. The element of surprise was complete. At once the Japs began digging in, screened by only a thin wall of vegetation at the jungle's edge. My grudging respect for the Japanese as fighters increased. In spite of their emaciation and exhaustion, they dug efficient bunkers for their mortars, machine guns and grenade throwers and fox holes for their riflemen. They connected them with a system of crawl trenches that nearly encircled the base of the hill.

Col. Mohindar Singh summoned me. "Tonight we must get the rice. I will lead the party myself, and Capt. Das Gupta will supply his strongest men. We will wear British uniforms. You will take us straight to Suleiman's garage. If we encounter British troops, I will do the talking, but I want you by my side. Your British appearance will do much to lull suspicion."

"Yes, sir."

Captain Gupta left, and I found Jemadar Gurbaksh Singh. I said as casually as I could, "Capt. Das Gupta is looking for men to get rice tonight. Put yourself in his way. Look strong, and he may pick you."

It was that easy. Singh was the only strong-looking one in the lot.

There were 17 in the party. Col. Singh, Capt. Gupta, the jemadar and myself wore loaded pistols. The soldiers, dressed in British jungle green, carried Japanese rifles, but in the darkness they would not be too unlike British weapons. We struck right out through the rice paddies, fortunately dry, and headed directly for the road. There we turned right, and marched into Naojan.

I was sure that Suleiman's garage would be a prominent building on the main road. But we marched right through town without seeing a sign of it, or even a petrol station. Col. Singh turned on me, suspicion rising in his voice. "I thought you knew this village."

"It was dark when I was here, Colonel, and I was riding in a covered truck. But I remember now. The garage is on a side street."

He wasn't quite satisfied. Fortunately on the way back through town, I caught a glimpse of a garage sign on a parallel street a block away. "Around the next corner, up one block, and to the right," I said positively. "It all comes back to me now."

Now it had better be the right garage. It was.

Leaving one soldier on guard at the door, we marched through the garage to a brightly lighted office in the rear.

A fat Muslim wearing a red fez, a soiled European suit, and an anxious smile on his greasy face stammered a greeting. At a sellout to the Japs, he could well afford to be startled at the appearance of our force in British uniforms.

Col. Singh wasted no time in greetings. I did not understand a word, but I could see the Muslim hand over his identification papers, and then relax some as Col. Singh mentioned the Indian National Army and Burma. His relief was only momentary. The next moment Col. Singh was shrieking at him. The man nearly groveled on the floor.

Then the colonel whirled on me. "Who told you there was rice here? This scum says there is no rice in Naojan. The British bought it right after harvest."

Before I could answer, a Hindu in white dhoti and blue shirt slipped in through a rear door. There was some rapid chatter between the fat man and the young newcomer, and then the young man drew himself up sharply. Instead of cringing, he barked at Col. Singh. At once the haughty colonel, who had tried to ape the Japs by shooting one of his men on the trail, became an abject clerk again. Hastily he pulled from his pocket—the brass Buddha.

That thing again. I thought it had been left in Rangoon. It had started my trouble,

and now it looked like it would end it. I began edging toward the door.

There was another burst of chatter in which I heard the words "Maurice Derocque."

Col. Singh grabbed me roughly and pulled me toward the center of the room. The young man stared at me, bewildered. "I have never seen him before."

Now both were staring at me. If I was not the right man, then who was I? A counter spy?

The young Hindu stepped closer, staring at me as though hypnotized. Then his jaw dropped in an expression of terror, and I knew him! It was that same expression of terror I had seen on his face that night when he turned to flee into the station at Dimapur.

"Dimapur—the British officer!"

"A spy!" screamed Col. Singh.

I was paralyzed. His hand flashed to his holster, the pistol came out, and I closed my eyes at the sound of the shot.

I was swaying on my feet. There was no pain. I opened my eyes. The body of Col. Mohindar Singh was twitching on the floor.

Jemadar Gurbaksh Singh was holding a smoking pistol in his hand, calmly covering the young Hindu and Capt. Das Gupta. The soldiers were wide-eyed but unmoving.

"I told you I would kill him," said Jemadar Singh, "and I did. He killed my friend, and I killed him. So be it. Your orders, sahib."

I was in command. I can't say I snapped to, crisp and efficient. I was badly shaken. There were the months of preliminary suspense, and the closing weeks in which the suspense had become almost unbearable. Nor had the shot I thought destined for me done anything to calm my nerves.

"We still have much to do, sahib," the jemadar reminded me.

"Right. Take Das Gupta's gun, and tell him he is a prisoner of war. How many of these soldiers can you trust?"

"All but four, and they are too terrified to move."

"Good. Then you remain in charge here while I get in touch with the British. Keep your eye on the Hindu. I think we have made an important catch there."

In the garage I picked out a Ford car that looked to be in running order, and started out for Dimapur. Ten minutes later I saw a villa with a bright sign in front of it reading, "Garrison Engineer, Naojan District." I spun into the drive, tromping on the brakes and crashed through a sentry box, smashed a gate and rammed into the verandah before I could stop.

The major in charge was furious. He thought I was drunk, and when I blurted

out my story he was sure of it. I wasted nearly five minutes before he finally let me get to his phone.

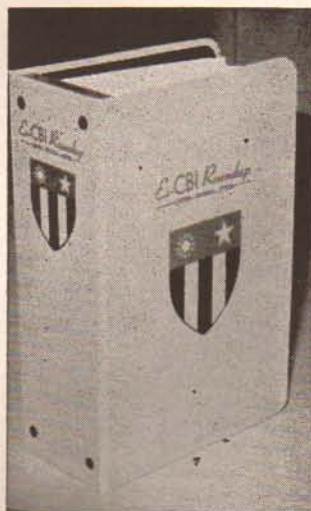
The rest is history. By dawn the tanks arrived from Dimapur and surrounded the Jap emplacement. The battle lasted three days. On the third night the Japs, weak though they were from starvation, nevertheless managed a suicidal charge on the railway tracks, and succeeded in blowing out a few feet of rails. Then they withdrew, leaving behind a camp in which more than 200 men, including Major Tagachaki, lay dead.

Had Major Tagachaki succeeded in blocking the Bengal-Assam Railway, he would have dealt the Allies a well-nigh mortal blow by bringing to a standstill the flow of supplies over the Hump. As it was, so delicately balanced was the whole situation from Dimapur to Imphal that the defeat of Tagachaki marked the turning of the tide, and by April 15 the British Second Division and the 161st Indian Infantry Brigade had shattered the Japanese hold on India.

But my fate remained to be settled. What the staff officers could not agree

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The Accidental Traitor

about was my role with the Tagachaki Task Force. One ugly rumor was that I was a two-time traitor—I had deserted the English to join the Japs, and then had deserted the Japs to join the English, and had deserted both times when the going was roughest.

But gradually a few facts began to filter in to clear me in part. The young Hindu, who proved to be the leader of the Assam Fifth Column, positively cleared me of being his official messenger. Then word came from my old outfit that I had indeed remained to the last on the bridge project, and had pushed the exploder handle that had completed the job.

Now there remained the charge that I had accepted an honorary commission in an enemy army, and had "guided" them on jungle trails to Naojan. There wasn't any way of denying that, though my "guiding" had consisted of no more than reading a map they could read as well as I could.

At last I was called before a staff officer at the Headquarters of the 33rd Corps.

"The matter of your connection with the enemy has been carefully considered at

staff level," he said crisply. "Serious consequences might have resulted. You are a young officer, and perhaps did not realize the seriousness of your actions, but ignorance is no excuse."

I could see the firing squad beginning to take shape.

"The only redeeming feature of the whole of your conduct was the belated promptness you displayed at the end. I warn you that you will not be so lightly treated if there is any repetition of this kind of thing. You will be watched, and I advise you to watch your step."

I began to breathe again.

"On the whole, it is felt your conduct was, to say the least of it, indiscreet. You may go."

I went.

At Dimapur station, on my way back to rejoin my outfit, I could see the tree against which I had rested on my first trip, and the spot on the platform where the brass Buddha had dropped. I made no move to examine them more closely. I stood rigidly in my tracks until the train came, and when it pulled out I never looked back.

THE END



LEADING an inspection party on the air base at Peishiyi, China, is Lt. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, Commanding General of U. S. Forces in the China Theater. Saluting at left is a Chinese pilot, a member of the Chinese-American Composite Wing stationed at Peishiyi. U. S. Army photo.

YOUR HEADQUARTERS

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● During spring housecleaning, on orders from the wife, I was throwing away a lot of valuable stuff (junk to my wife) when I found this old menu. I thought the Old China Hands might enjoy the memories of it.

CLAUDE McCARTY,
Leola, Pa.

Old China Hand McCarty enclosed a typewritten menu from Grand Hotel du Commerce, Kunming, dated March 22, 1944, and offering your choice of dinners at prices ranging from CN \$250.00 to CN \$300.00. That was before the prices REALLY went up!—Eds.

Still Looking

● I have been subscribing to Roundup for five years now but have yet to recognize the names of any of the boys I was with during my years of service. I was with the 1339th Base Unit stationed at Chengkung, China, for two years during the war working with ATC. I am sure some of the boys I was with are subscribers of Roundup; I would be glad to hear from them. I keep Roundup in my barber shop and my customers enjoy reading it. They are amazed at some of the articles and pictures in the magazine. My customers used to think I was telling them tall stories about CBI but now I have Roundup to prove it.

GEORGE MELLA,
57 Bay Street
Staten Island, N. Y.

CBI'ers Mentioned

● Enclosed is a clipping from the March 7 issue of the St. Johnsbury, Vt., Caledonian Record about the recent activities of Miss Flora J. Coutts, who may be remembered as a Red Cross captain at "Duration Den" in Delhi and also at the biggest Red Cross club at Kunming. Miss Coutts is a natural-born leader and organizer, and we in this

area are very proud of her. Also I would like to bring to your attention the article in the current June issue of TV Radio Mirror about Jack Narz, the popular MC of CBS' highly rated daytime show, "Dotto." The article mentions his service with the Air Force, that he flew 120 missions over the Hump, and that he was awarded the DFC, the Air Medal with cluster, and several Chinese decorations. I was with the 3851st QM Truck Co. at Myitkyina, but as

there aren't any CBI vets living in this immediate area, I have no chance to talk over service experiences. Therefore, I am all the more appreciative of your magazine.

JOHN A. MONETTE,
Newport, Vt.

Miss Coutts, a former Vermont state senator, has been appointed to organize town participation on a statewide basis to celebrate 1959 as "Vermont's Festival Year of History."—Eds.



ONE of the most colorful figures at the entrance of the Temple of a Thousand Gods, at Kunming, China. Photo by A. L. Schwartz, M. D.



TYPICAL sidewalk market in Kunming, China, in 1945. Photo by A. L. Schwartz, M. D.

Pandu or Amingaon?

● Enjoyed your recounting of your rail trip very much (April 1958 issue), having made the same trip three times myself, and and know what those trains were like.

If I may take the privilege, I would like to correct you on one point. Coming from Chabua on a "down-train" you arrive at Pandu first and then cross the river to Amingaon, then to Santahar where you change to the broad-gauge train. Please re-check your records and see if I am not right.

HOWARD SCOTT,
Salina, Kansas

This letter was forwarded to Roundup by Henry Lynn, author of "Was This Trip Necessary?" As Lynn recalls, after all these years, you arrive first at Amingaon and cross to Pandu. Which is correct?—Eds.

Stilwell Reappraisal

● The anonymous letter appearing on page 14 of the May issue, with regard to the article "Betrayal in China" makes good sense. I have always thought General Stilwell an outstanding general, one who placed the welfare of his country and his men above the normal red tape necessary in mili-

tary operations. America has rather forgotten General Stilwell, or perhaps I should say he has been lost in the annals of history as just another soldier. Have you ever wondered how the war in China might have ended had he continued in command? I have often thought that General Stilwell would have recognized the threat from the Chinese communists and at the end of the war he would not have permitted a single GI to return home until the

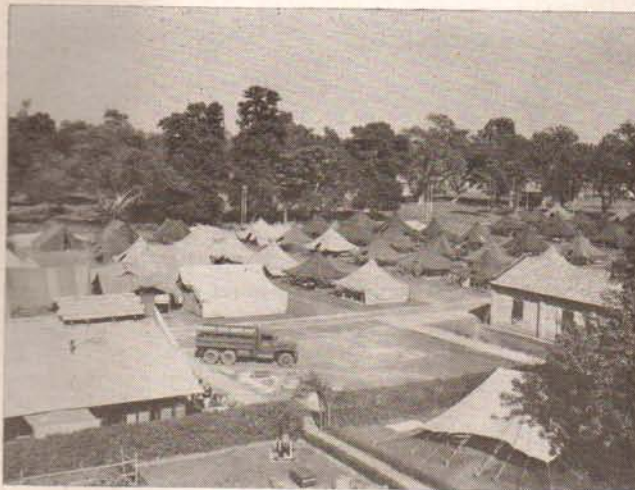
last communist had laid down his arms. This might have meant we would have had to remain in China—and perhaps India—for another few months, but how many lives of Americans in the Korean war would have been saved? Yes, I think Stilwell would have acted differently. But who can really say?

GEORGE T. KOBAC,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Where Is Evidence?

● I note in the May issue you say you are waiting for someone to disprove the story, "Betrayal in China" (March issue). More to the point in my opinion is the fact that neither Chamales nor True Magazine have furnished any true evidence to support the story. The Chinese documents Chamales claims as proof must have been either destroyed or non-existent in the first place, else Chamales would have never dared to write such blatant propaganda.

JOHN HUGHES STODTER,
New Orleans, La.



TENT AREA and living quarters of the 9th Photo Reconnaissance Squadron, Barrackpore, India, in 1943. This was the original headquarters site of India Air Task Force in 1942 under the command of General Haynes. Photo by John R. Shrader.



GOING TO MARKET with two hogs, Chinese farmers are prodding the animals across the bridge at Chihkiang, China, as a Chinese army guard watches. This is "sweet and sour pork" on the hoof. U. S. Army photo.

More on "Betrayal"

This letter may put to rest the many confused minds that have been in a dither since reading "Betrayal in China." What are the real facts? As Mrs. Joseph W. Stilwell's agent for two years, who unsuccessfully tried to sell the true story of General Stilwell and the war in the CBI to Hollywood, my writer and myself put in quite a bit of research before we prepared the story, which Hollywood was afraid to film.

Basically, "BETRAYAL IN CHINA" is factual. The Office of the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army published the history of the CBI conflict in two volumes entitled "STILWELL'S MISSION TO CHINA," and "STILWELL'S COMMAND PROBLEMS."

The actual reason for Stilwell's recall and the reason that makes the Hollywood brass shy away from making a movie of this type are as follows:

President Roosevelt asked Chiang to fight the war against the Japs and stop

hoarding materials to be later used against the Commies. The message was delivered to Chiang by Stilwell, and it added "Unless you fight the Japs—we may pull out!"

Chiang after hitting the proverbial ceiling promised FDR he would comply with his desires, and set a date for mounting a gigantic offensive against the Japs.

The time for the offensive came and Chiang through a back door messenger to FDR told the President that he would fight only if Stilwell were removed because Stilwell had caused Chiang embarrassment when he delivered his original message. Chiang further stated that unless Stilwell were removed that he Chiang might pull out of the war!

Stilwell was in the middle, and rather than lose a Chief of State and an ally (at least on paper), FDR had to recall General Stilwell against the wishes of Chief of Staff Marshall, and Stimson—Secretary of War, and his own personal desires.

This story will never be told in a movie. Not at least

until they clean house in Hollywood, and make some stories with guts in them.

ROBERT E. LEE,
San Diego, Calif.

He's Still Waiting

● Still waiting to see a letter from someone that was in the 89th Fighter Squadron, 80th Fighter Group, with me. Our Detroit Basha is planning on being well represented at the reunion in Cincinnati.

CARL D. RUSSELL,
Garden City, Mich.

Just Discovered

● Having very recently learned of your excellent magazine, I am writing to learn whether you are still publishing Ex-CBI Roundup. I was truly thrilled that such a publication had been and I hope is still in existence. It is a rare occurrence that I ever meet a vet from CBI. I was with the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron as a welder at Dinjan, India; Shingbwiyan, Burma; and was in China after the Jap surrender.

JAMES CROTSHIN,
Richmond, Va.

Back Issues!

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THE ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 188
Laurens, Iowa

Fresh Meat? Where?

● Now who is **Turner** (p. 23 June issue) trying to impress? I was in Burma with an engineer unit and the only fresh meat we had for the entire campaign was "low grade water buffalo." I'll bet Unger didn't spend his CBI time hanging around the New Delhi area.

RAYMOND M. WOOD,
Columbus, Ga.

Hard-Boiled Eggs

● Was nice to get your recent letter recalling my 15-minute broadcasts over the PA system of the SS Mariposa during one of its trips in the first half of 1944. We left San Diego with a small dirigible as our sole escort and of course the dirigible soon turned back. Another GI, seeing this, exclaimed, "My God, are we going it alone?" I believe he would have grabbed the dirigible for a return to San Diego if he had been tall enough to get a hold on it. The Mariposa's speed was our protection. Then, too, our captain said he could SMELL Jap subs. He must have gotten a good whiff of one off the western coast of Australia because we made a quick reversal of direction and ducked back toward Australia's patrolled waters there once. However, a Jap sub, attacking the Mariposa with us GI's aboard at that time, would have been "done in" quickly. We were set to pelt it with some of the hard-boiled eggs we were being served. The sub's shell would have been punctured in nothing flat. That was 14 years ago and I still can't look a hard-boiled egg in the face.

CAL TINNEY,
Hollywood, Calif.

Cal Tinney now does a 15-minute commentary five nights a week on Bing Crosby's TV station in Hollywood; also an hour-long show Saturday nights.—Eds.

Tribute to CACW

● Each issue of Roundup brings fresh memories and after nine years I still look forward to each issue like a letter from an old friend. Particularly enjoyed the reprint "Chinese-American Composite Wing" in the May issue. This was a crack organization and a tribute to the American GI's who trained the Chinese to fly bombers and fighters during the war. Unfortunately some of those skills may be used against us some day in the future . . .

HARRY FAURE,
Jackson, Wyo.

Should Be Preserved

● Congratulations to Henry Lynn for an article which will warm the hearts of all CBI wallahs who ever traveled by train in India, and most of us did. "Was This Trip Necessary" (May issue) is really a classic and should be properly preserved for posterity.

BURROWS SLOAN, JR.
Norfolk, Va.

New Member

● A new member of the Carl F. Moerschel Basha, CBIVA, is Bob Zehentner of Dubuque, who flew 74 bombing missions in CBI and would like to hear from any buddies who remember him. His address is 2596 Dodge Street, Dubuque, Ia. In 1954 Bob was selected as "Sporting Goods Dealer of the Year" in the U. S. from 20,000 dealers.

RAY ALDERSON
Dubuque, Ia.

Going To Reunion

● Thumbing through some back issues of Roundup, I came upon the two pages of pictures of the 6th Annual Reunion at Milwaukee in the October 1953 issue. After seeing all the fun in these pictures, I've decided at last to take in the 1958 Reunion at Cincinnati. From the looks on the faces of those in the pictures, I think it should be fun.

RALPH HANNAH,
Dayton, Ohio

You'll be glad you did!!
—Eds.



TWO of the unfortunate disformed natives watch American troops en route from Karachi through India in 1942. Photo by John R. Shrader.

BOOK REVIEWS



Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD. By Theodore White. 347 pages. William Sloane Associates, New York, 1958. \$3.95.

The road is the 300 miles of twists and turns between Liuchow and Kweiyang, and the hero is an American major in the days when Kweilin and Liuchow were abandoned. Teddy White is an old CBI-wallah who previously edited General Stilwell's papers.

THE EDGE OF TOMORROW. By Thomas A. Dooley. 222 pages. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York, 1958. \$3.75.

The account of how a team of young American volunteers are winning friends for the U. S. only five miles from the frontier of Red China in Laos. Dr. Dooley, a former naval officer, is the author of a recent book, "Deliver Us From Evil."

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. By Marco Polo. 376 pages. Crown Publishers, New York, 1958. \$4.95.

American muleskinners of CBI know something of some of the road over which he traveled around 770 years ago. This translation has 25 fine illustrations in color from a 14th Century manuscript in the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris, France.

GIVE ME THE WORLD. By Leila Hadley. 343 pages. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1958. \$5.

At 25, the author was determined to escape the New York rat-race, so she and her six-year-old son set out for the Far East. Bob Ruark has been raving about this book lately. Enough. When anything pleases Ruark, it's bound to be good.

SOUTH ASIA. By Hans Keusen and Michael Edwardes. 128 pages. Frederick A. Praeger, New York, 1958. \$8.50.

Full-page photographs record impressions of India, Pakistan, Burma, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. There are 128 pictures in photogravure, 28 in color, by Mr. Keusen. The essay and notes are by Mr. Edwardes.

WALK THE WIDE WORLD. By Donald Knies. 304 pages. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, 1958. \$4.

With nothing but a desire to see the world, the author hitchhiked 80,000 miles

through 48 countries, it says here. Must have been a willing draftee into the Infantry. Well, he got to Pakistan and other parts of the Far East, on foot, presumably.

SEASONS OF JUPITER. By Anand Lall. 253 pages. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1958. \$3.50.

India's former representative to the United Nations, now ambassador to Indonesia, has his second novel published in the United States. Believe it or not, here's a wealthy industrialist looking for the meaning of life instead of a profit.

THE SOUL OF CHINA. By Amaury de Riencourt. 318 pages. Coward-McCann, New York, 1958. \$5.

This is a history of China by the author of "Roof of the World," story of his journey of Lhasa, Tibet, 10 or 12 years ago. This book deals with development of Chinese culture before the Christian era and under Western impact the past 100 years.

HONG KONG. By Mona Gardner. 406 pages. Doubleday and Company, New York, 1958. \$4.50.

Judging from the impressive bibliography, the author of this novel is quite an Old China Hand. The story is historical, with a New York trader for hero. It's about the days of first international China trade and the opium wars.

JOURNEY TO JAVA. By Harold Nicolson. 335 pages. Doubleday and Company, New York, 1958. \$5.

The travel diary of an Englishman who took great delight in most of what he saw in Java, Singapore, and other ports of call. Here is a traveler who has an amiable and bright spirit. The author, a critic, does some musing on literature, also.

THE LONG MARCH. By Simone Beauvoir. 513 pages. The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, 1958. \$7.50.

The distinguished French author accepted an invitation to Communist China in 1955. This book is her belated, heavily dated, and propagandistic account of it. When she forgets the party line, Mlle. de Beauvoir writes sensitively of China.

THE GODS ARE ANGRY. By Wilfrid Noyce. 214 pages. The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, 1958. \$3.75.

Is there a man who has climbed a mountain who hasn't written a book? If so, maybe somebody should write a book about him. The author, member of the Everest 1953 expedition, turns out a novel about an assault on a Himalayan peak.

CBI-er's Viewpoint

This month's question:

Do you think CBI-ers may have been sent home too soon after the war? What effect, if any, do you think it would have had on world conditions had American forces stayed in China until early 1947?

PHILIP R. GISCH, Chicago, Ill.—“Sure glad you chose this question because the answer concerns each and every CBI veteran. Yes, CBI veterans were sent home too soon. A whole chain reaction was set off as direct result of Americans being sent home from China too early: If we had stayed another year, Free China would have had the strength to wipe out the Chinese Communists. If the Chinese Reds had not come to power, there would have been no “Korea,” and the Russians today would not have so strong a foothold in Asia. Careful analysis will show that a good portion of the world's troubles today stem from the Chinese Communists coming into power after the war.”

ARTHUR L. KENNETT, Tampa, Fla.—“Personally, I feel the government couldn't have sent any of us home from CBI too soon. At the war's termination, we had no business there. The British, Indians, Chinese and Burmese had their own problems and they didn't care for outside intrusion in politics.”

CLYDE VORENBERG, Omaha, Neb.—“In reply to the question, world conditions could have been helped had American troops stayed in China until 1947, but, then, it would have helped to keep our troops stationed all over the globe, too. Had we done this, we would be bankrupt by now and the world would appreciate it no more or less than now.”

EWALD PODGORSKI, Elmhurst, Ill.—“Seems like this same question appeared in Roundup before, or I had seen it somewhere. I have often wondered if it has occurred to CBI-ers that China is one of the few enemy-occupied countries of World War II where we did not keep troops after the war. I believe I am safe in saying there were only a handful of American troops in China by March 1946, at a time when we needed many thousands. The result is history.”

WILLIAM A. CUMMINGS, Oakland, Calif.—“When the war ended and my outfit was alerted for shipment home from China via Shanghai, we cheered, of course. But all of us knew that either the Russians or Chinese Communists would take over as soon as we were gone. We were right.”

JAMES BRENNAN, Honolulu, Hawaii—“Americans returned home from CBI after the war had ended and they were no longer needed in the Theatre. Those who think that events in Asia might have been different had we stayed should consider the situation closer. Suppose, due to the threat from the Chinese Reds, Truman had ordered U. S. troops to remain in China. That would have meant our participation in an internal war that did not concern us. Perhaps it would have brought World War III a whole lot closer and sooner.”

DOYLE MORNING, Chicago, Ill.—“Immediately following the war I helped in the air movement of Chinese troops to Peiping and other places where they were supposed to defend Nationalist China against the Communists. We got them moved, and then came home. Had we stayed to back them up in their efforts to defend what was then THE Chinese government, the picture in China might have been entirely different.”

A. C. MORRISON, Minneapolis, Minn.—“There wasn't any ‘too soon’ as far as I was concerned!”

Question for next issue:

What is the most unusual sight you recall from your service in the CBI Theater during World War II?

Send your reply to the above question to the editors for inclusion in next issue.

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Commander's Message

by

John Z. Dawson
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahibs:

My last column—only a few weeks remain before our 11th "family reunion" in Cincinnati. Your commander has enjoyed trying to help make C.B.I.V.A. the organization all of your previous officers were most proud of. I can assure you it has been a pleasure to serve you, and I can only hope that the year has brought us nearer our goal.

One of the important ideas created at our recent executive meeting is intended to increase attendance of our "family reunions"—a new slogan was born—"Each One Bring One." Since this is a family reunion, not only relatives but relatives and friends are invited (at the same prices too)—also bring the kiddies. So start inviting your friends and relatives—share the expenses and have a wonderful time in Cincinnati this August 14, 15 and 16.

As far as I know, this will be the first convention where another veterans' organization will be having their convention simultaneously with ours in the same hotel. Since this came about, your National officers decided to continue using separate hospitality rooms on various floors as we have done in the past. Also, it is advisable to reserve your rooms early in order that preference may be given to the best selection. Charles Cullen does assure us of ample facilities, though.

Final plans have been executed for our great Reunion. You can read about them elsewhere in this issue of Roundup. But I would like to point out that

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.—Eds.

the total cost will not be more than \$17.00 . . . that refreshments may be brought to all affairs . . . and that the food for the Commander's Banquet on Saturday evening will be even better than that good dinner at the same event a year ago!

It will be noted that this reunion excludes our usual tour of a brewery. This is due to recent restrictions imposed by the State of Ohio forbidding breweries advertising their wares in that manner. We will have more hospitality rooms this year than in the past. So don't worry about the heat, it will be "cool" inside.

Your reunion committee is working hard to facilitate this wonderful affair but you, the individual, make it a success. Let us help the Queen City Basha by placing a courtesy ad in the souvenir program. Send a "buck" or more to Bill Eynon, Reunion Chairman, % Sheraton-Gibson Hotel. Harold Kretchmar says it is tax deductible.

As you know our next reunion is in Philadelphia; we will have to decide at this reunion in Cincinnati where we will be meeting in 1960. Bids will be coming in from Iowa, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Houston and possibly several other places. This is your reunion and only by attending can you help decide where we shall meet in two years.

Congratulations to Al Taylor, Commander of the Buffalo Basha for the interesting news release expounding our CBIVA activities. Also to the gang of the Delaware Valley Basha for increasing their membership. Recently visited my home town of Herkimer, New York, home of the Standard Furniture Company whose exclusive furniture adorns our national headquarters, and newsreporters Leo O'Connor gave the CBIVA a terrific six-column spread, with picture in the Utica, New York papers. We hope this acquaints our wallahs in the Mohawk Valley about our organization.

Gloversville being only a short distance away, I contacted and met with our wonderful friend Joseph Mecca, founder of the Fulton County Basha. A little reunion was held and we were further assured we would be hearing more from this Basha. Now many parts of the country have yet to be heard from. Our organization is gaining momentum. Let us all get into the act. Dues to National are \$3.00 a year or \$5.00 for two years. Gene Brauer, our National Adjutant, has ample facilities in our new headquarters to accept your applications and rupees.

In closing, here's hoping to see every CBI wallah in Cincinnati in August.

Faternally yours,
JOHN Z. DAWSON,
National Commander
3081 Roosevelt Avenue
Detroit 12, Michigan

181 Signal Company

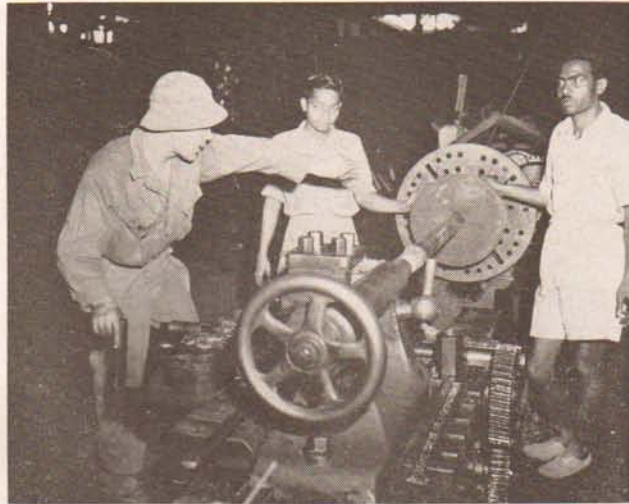
• Anyone serving with 181 Signal Company, please write me at address below. Part of our company was on detached service with Merrill's Marauders, but my platoon was attached to Y Task Force in China under command of 1st Lt. Kermit E. Swanson (last known address Cicero, Ill.) working out of Kunming, China.

WILLIAM F. MERCER,
Box 620
Whitesburg, Ky.

More Betrayal?

• The letter from Col. Boyd B. Hill, commenting on his experience which bears out some truth in the recent story in Roundup, "Betrayal in China," is worth pondering over. These guys who just can't believe there's any truth in that story of how the Chinese were fighting both the Japanese and their own allies, the Americans, might want to think about this some more. Any Mars Task Force man who fought in Burma will tell you how the Chinese had to be watched all the time.

HOWARD I. CLARK,
Boca Raton, Fla.



INDIAN WORKERS help an American soldier in the shops of the 758th Railway Shop Battalion at Dibrugarh, India. The old equipment was taken over for operation by U. S. forces. Photo by Andy Brydon.

Another CBI Death

• I am very sorry to inform you that James W. Baxter, Jr., M.D., passed away May 7, 1958. I know that he used to subscribe to your magazine and enjoyed it very much.

Mrs. JAMES W. BAXTER,
New Albany, Ind.

This No Bar!

• When I first looked at the picture of the 758th Railway Shop Bn.'s electrical department on page 5, June issue, I thought it was an enlisted men's bar in India . . .

JAMES SORENSON,
Rapid City, S. D.

Fourteenth Air Force Convention August 7-9 In San Francisco, Calif.

Annual convention of the Fourteenth Air Force Association will be held August 7, 8 and 9 at San Francisco, Calif., and plans for an outstanding program have been made by a committee headed by Grant Robbins.

Since San Francisco has the largest Chinese population of any city in the nation, many of the activities of this year's convention will have a strong "Chinese flavor." It is reported that the Chinese community is waiting to welcome with open arms the men who wore the Flying Tiger emblem and flew in China during World War II.

Included in the program will be a huge parade through Chinatown in honor of Fourteenth Air Force guests, a big cock-

tail party and banquet co-hosted by the Chinese Six Companies, at least one other large banquet and numerous parties. There will be tours to such well-known places as Muir Woods, Fisherman's Wharf, Sausalito Yacht Harbor, the Golden Gate Bridge, Nob Hill and even a yacht cruise of the fabulous San Francisco Bay.

There will be a number of Hollywood folks present and plans are being made to have in particular those stars of the entertainment world who made the tour of China back in those wartime days.

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10"	pr. \$ 7.25
12"	pr. \$ 9.25
16"	pr. \$28.50

(Weights 5 lb. each)

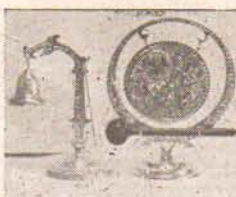


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